

# COROT AND HIS ART

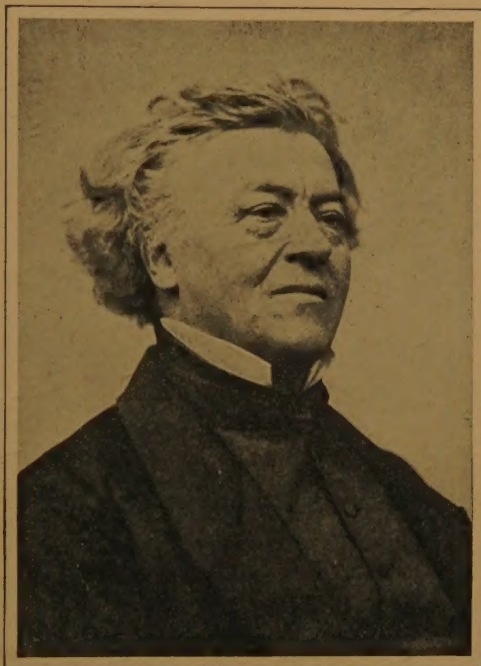
By ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD, N. A.\*

MENTOR GRAVURES

DANCE OF THE  
NYMPHS

A GUST OF WIND

JUST BEFORE  
SUNRISE



MENTOR GRAVURES


ORPHEUS GREETING  
THE MORN

SPRING

THE ENVIRONS  
OF ARRAS



JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875)

 AMONG the many distinguished men that have lived in our times there is no one more delightful to know and write about than Corot (Cor-ro). His sweetness of nature, the calm life he led, the completeness of his devotion to art, all contribute to make him a personality that it is good to know. Born in Paris, of parents who knew little of art and were not at all interested in it, his father being a milliner and seller of ribbons,—not poor, for we have the painter's own words for it that they were comfortably off always,—this boy lived to shed luster upon France and to take a foremost place among the master-painters of the world. He had not the fortune to be born the son of a goldsmith, as so many of the great ones have been, nor even to be apprenticed to a craftsman—his gift was to himself and he made the most of it. He was baptized Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, and never found it necessary to sign more than the last name to the

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beautiful works that grew under his hand.

For some seven years he was sent away to school, and later put to work with a shopkeeper. This shopkeeper was a wise man, evidently, for he did not quarrel with the boy, who neglected his shop duties to make drawings under the counter, but wisely talked to the milliner, advising him to allow the boy to follow his bent—



THE SHEPHERD In the Louvre

and this advice the father after awhile took. It is necessary to get these simple facts settled in one's mind if we are to know the future master and why he became great. The moment was critical and his decision swift when his father settled the matter in this way: "If you persist in this desire to paint, you may have fifteen hundred francs a year, no more—nor shall you expect to share in any future division of my estate!" Three hundred dollars a year—as we would put it—but happiness for the boy, and at once he betook himself to that fount of true knowledge—Nature herself, and began that remarkable career which all along its course poured out treasures to the world—gave, indeed, a vision of landscape beauty not known before. and immortality to the name of Corot.

### *Corot's Love of Nature*

It is strange that Corot should have had the impulse to go to nature. At the time the art of France was dominated by the so-called Classic School, led by David (dah-veed),—whose work was of the extreme academic sort,—school trained and without any real semblance of nature. Constable, the great English landscape painter, had not yet exhibited in the Salon the works which were to set in motion those romantic forces that brought the movement known today as the "School of 1830," or the "Barbizon School"—the first being the more proper designation.

Corot pursued his own inclination, and knew at once the value of hard work. His training at school and at the shop had given him habits of early rising and punctuality—and these habits remained with him throughout life. He had none of the artistic eccentricity that had been considered a part of artistic worth. He loved the early morning hours,



and those tender silences of the half light of late afternoon, and he learned to love them at Ville d'Avray (veel dahv-ray) where his father owned a small place—and so many of his most beautiful works have no more important titles than "Ville d'Avray."

The young painter Michallon (mee'-shal-long), himself a landscape painter and prize winner, gave Corot his first lessons in landscape art, and though he died young, it is evident that Corot profited greatly by the advice of this gifted man, since he quoted his precepts later in his own criticisms. After the death of Michallon, he was for a short time, and with no benefit, under the care of the Classicist, Victor Bertin. Beyond the slight aid from these sources Corot may be said to be a self-taught man.

His several trips to Italy were of deep influence—more, I think, than his critics allow—but all agree that in his work a classic spirit is always present. This has nothing to do with technical rendering, however, as I study his work, but reveals itself in the balanced adjustment of the parts of his compositions, the dignity of the masses, and above all, the beauty of his sky lines, where he frequently touches in a tower, a church, a village with white wall gleaming beyond the trees, which is ever reminiscent of Italy.



ST. SEBASTIAN



THE KNIGHT

### *Corot's Art Pure Music*

But we shall know him best, and I think love him most, if we think of him painting in the France he loved—at Ville d'Avray, or the environs of Paris—for Corot was ever a Parisian. He visited Barbizon, and knew the men there. Indeed, he may have painted there; but the rugged grandeur of the Forest of Fontainebleau with its giant oaks, its massed and massive rocks, did not appeal to him, nor did the broad, silent spaces of the Plain of Barbizon, which haunted Millet (mee-lay'). He left them to the great and gloomy genius of Rousseau (roo-so'), of Millet, and the sumptuous Diaz (dee-ahth'). He knew himself to be a singer of sweet songs—a lark of the morning—a



lyric singer whose harp was ever attuned to greet the coming day, or softly to dream itself in whispered tones into the lullaby of a fading twilight.

It is never necessary to strain to understand Corot. There is no tragic depth to be revealed, no mystery hidden from all who have not suffered. His art is pure music—it sings itself along in perfect unison with the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, and is tender as a zephyr. True, there were moments when he essayed another note, as we see in the "Lot and His Daughters," which is tragic only in its deeper tones, and is rhythmic rather than dramatic, since it lacks in contrasts either of line or value. Also, he at times wished for a greater volume of tone—when he seemed to feel that his harp scarcely reached the power he desired, and then we see him creating such works as the "St. Sebastian," the "Orpheus" and certain others.

We must remember, too, that in all the long years he was quite without the commercial spirit. His small stipend was enough for his wants—and studies and pictures accumulated in his studio until he came to look upon them as his children. He was more than fifty years old when he sold his first picture,—and we hear of his real sadness over this break in his collection.

We must not think, however, that his life was lonely or his art unknown, for he was a frequent, even constant, exhibitor at the Salon and elsewhere, and among artists had won the deepest respect. Personally he was much beloved, and his title among his intimates was "Papa Corot"—certainly a term of endearment.

### *His Success and Fame*

He had just turned fifty—to be exact, it was in 1846—when the



DANTE AND VIRGIL  
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



WOODLAND SCENE  
Reproduced through the courtesy of S. A. Trufant, New Orleans, La.





LANDSCAPE



LANDSCAPE WITH WILLOWS

Cross of the Legion of Honor was accorded to him. His father was perhaps the more pleased of the two, saying, "After all, my boy seems to have some talent"—following this discriminating opinion by doubling his "boy's" allowance.

The public, however, remained indifferent to his work, and another ten years was to go over his head before the enthusiasm reached the heights, and the painter's collection was sought as treasure indeed by dealers and public. "My pictures have not changed," he said—"it is they who have finally understood my principles."

During these years of toil he had accumulated a great number of works; studies, sketches, lovely pictures and grave, earnest masterpieces; but even Corot's industry could not have produced the thousands of pictures which Americans possess, all duly signed by his name. And it has been

said that even the *Mayflower* herself, with her elastic abilities in carrying historic people and freight, could not have brought over the number of pictures bearing his name. Nevertheless, we have many of his noblest works, and a true Corot may readily be discerned by a trained eye.

### *Qualities of His Art*

As a draughtsman he did not claim great ability, yet his advice to young painters was ever, "Draw, draw, draw!" But an understanding eye would certainly see, in a lovely Corot, qualities of drawing of extraordinary beauty, based on feeling. His composition is chaste, delicate, and balanced to an exquisite nicety. His love of trees caused him to understand that trees are alive, that they have personality, that they have characteristics, that they are responsive to qualities of light, to the action of wind, that they are the homes of birds, and that each leaf is a quivering entity. Now look at a good Corot and see if all these things are not present. If you wonder for a moment why those long, swaying touches are not more rigid, even as the wood of limbs and twigs must be, ask yourself what is your sensation when the wind stirs the





DIANA'S BATH

branches? Is not the swaying, rhythmic touch the very essence of the movement he would have you see? Those unattached touches which fade away and are lost in the sky,—is not your impression that of trembling, swaying leaves, undulating, vibrant and alive? Would rigid, hard, attached touches produce upon your sight and mind such a sensation of movement?—and in Corot the leaf is not the thing so much as its movement.



VILLE D'AVRAY

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

Just here we begin to feel the music of his work, its lyric quality—and if you search the grasses along the pond-side, the gentle movement of the reflections in the water, you find it all akin in the harmony, and you will see him telling you just the kind of movement, just the harmony, just the mood he wants you to have by the introduction of the delicate figures of nymphs at a dance, twining garlands, or merely of bathers in the stream. It is all refined, gracious and lovely under the sky. Ah! the sky! Here Corot breathed out his very soul. In his trees, ground, figures, we have his heart, his love, his body—in the skies that other immortal part of a man,



his soul—the serene, far spaces, the infinite depths, the yearning and passion of a soul seeking infinite light. A lover always of that mystic moment before the active power of the sun appears, he seems to have touched the very spirit of Aurora herself, and filled his skies with the delicacy of her breathings. The little clouds are but her children, and the broad spaces the very garments of the morning. None but Corot has expressed the full mystery of the morning; and he too has caught that other moment when the daylight dies and the world turns from work to rest—the twilight hour.



THE LAKE AT NEMI

It was peculiarly in accord with Corot's temperament to love these two hours of the day rather than the broad glare of full daylight, or the active energy of any one of the dramatic moods of sun or weather. Once or twice he may have attempted sunsets—certainly he did paint storm effects; but it is the gentle sway of a wind higher than usual, rather than the intense, devastating blast of the storm gods,



LANDSCAPE—A POND In the Collection of Arnold and Tripp



such as George Inness has done so often. Corot was well aware of the poise of his own temper—its calmness. For this reason he said after seeing Millet's great limbed peasants and somber-toned canvases, "I do not understand it; I prefer my own little music."

### *His Character and Personality*

Yet he was very generous in his estimate of the work of others, generous, too, in that wider sense which includes the willingness to share his own with one less fortunate than himself. No recital of Corot's characteristics would be complete without special mention of this trait. The stories are many of his charities, disguised, hidden, but very real, in which the needy artist, the humble housewife, or perhaps merely a chance acquaintance, received aid when most needed. "A rich American has bought your picture," the artist would be told,— "A friend has sent this,"—and never would he allow mention of himself. A beautiful trait, and one that may be read into his work, for there is never the sense of anything held back, nothing mean, or scrawny.

He was a man of large frame and great strength, as was Millet, and though he painted no peasants, he loved the peasant's costume, and painted in the fields clad in a blue workman's blouse, his short pipe alight, and a face beaming with joy, the very joy of life and work.

Money was of little concern to him; he was unmarried,—a little was enough. His pictures were his children—yet money came in abundance. After he once consented to sell his canvases, there was a steady demand, yet such was his fecundity of production that in the year following his



THE LAKE



LE SOIR\* (EVENING)  
In the Louvre

\*Pronounced (luh swahr.)



death, at a sale of his effects some six hundred works were catalogued, and this after an eager public had made heavy demands upon his accumulated hoard of pictures. The prices were good at the time of his death, and began, some ten years after, to leap in great bounds, until to-day a fine Corot is almost a fortune in itself. Quite rightly so, for an object which has a rare and precious quality, when it enshrines the genius of a great personality, is really priceless.

Corot lived with his mother and sister, to whom he was devoted, and they remained with him for nearly the whole of his long life of seventy-nine years.

This calm and ordered life made possible the use of all his time for his work, and, coupled with his great facility of execution, pictures grew under his hand rapidly. Often he finished a beautiful thing at a sitting.

As with all artists, he made experiments. We find him painting figures, even portraits,—not very well drawn, very quiet in effect; but it isn't of these we think when the name "Corot" is sounded.



THE LAKE



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

### *Some Famous Corot Pictures*

In the Catherine Wolf collection at the Metropolitan Museum is a canvas called "Ville d'Avray," which is a very perfect example of the master. The young leaves are all a-tremble in a filmy veil before one's eyes, and through them we see the pond and the exquisite middle distance. A lovely quality of gray, springlike color is over the scene, and the air has all the freshness and hope and love of the springtime. Birds may not be seen, but birds are there, and their song may be heard in joyous carol. This is the magic of Corot. He helps you to see, to hear and to feel.

The great picture in the Louvre in Paris, the "Dance of Nymphs, Morning," is magnificent in design and strong in color expression. The





WOOD-GATHERERS

In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

grace and beauty of the trees is perfectly felt, also the rhythmic beauty of the maidens dancing in graceful, swaying lilt—alive with joy in the light and breath of morning. It has been accused of faultiness in composition, as it has three avenues of perspective to the distance; none the less it is one of the well loved pictures of the world.

In the Vanderbilt Collection, Metropolitan Museum, there is a little picture showing a sunlit roadway with trees throwing shadows across the way—possibly it is a road going down to Paris, but it is one of the very precious examples that we have, showing his perfectness—for that is a word that we may use about Corot—the absolute truth of every tone and note of color, the certainty of his values—which is a word not for general usage but needed here—for this picture is a study, and perfect in its adjustment.

The "Orpheus Greeting the Morn" is one of the more dignified, less joyous productions of the master. A studio composition with a noble group of trees, the figure of the poet and musician in the foreground, a little temple giving the classic touch,—but the sky is supremely lovely—the very glory of coming day pervades it.

In some of his works of this type Corot became heavy, monotonous—as in the "St. Sebastian"—but we can never accuse him of anything ignoble.

A supremely lovely work is the "Lake Nemi," sold some years ago, I think, in the Dana sale. The beauty of this picture, with its shadowy,



mysterious trees—the limpid water filled with reflections, and luring both mind and heart with the mystic dreams of Beauty regnant—of classic myth and lyric poesy, is of itself a title to immortal fame.

The catalogue both in America and abroad is a long one, for his devotion to work made him a great producer.

The artists of France said of him, “It is greater to be named Corot than to have won the Grand Medal”—and when this at last came to him, as all honor did come—France enshrined him. All the world claims him, and Nature drawing him once again to herself, tells us that she loaned him for a time to men, that they might understand how delicate, how refined, how gentle and how beautiful she herself is,—and we, lending a listening ear, know that the world is more beautiful since Corot came to live among us.



HORSE BATHING IN A STREAM NEAR VILLE D'AVRAY

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## SUPPLEMENTARY READING

COROT AND HIS FRIENDS      *By E. Meynell*

COROT      *By Sidney Allnut*  
With Reproductions in Color (Masterpieces in Color)

COROT (Little Journeys)      *By Elbert Hubbard*

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING

(Chapter on Corot)      *By C. H. Stranahan*

COROT AND MILLET

*By G. Geoffroy and A. Alexandre*

With many Illustrations.

\* \* \* Information concerning the above books may be had on application to The Editor of the Mentor.



# THE OPEN LETTER

What does Art mean to us? Is it merely a subject to be talked about learnedly, to the astonishment of our friends? It would seem so from the practice of some. We know that "better than thou" person, who follows Art as a precious pursuit, and who regards Art as an exclusive subject for superior minds. That is not art culture

half so much as it is mere vanity. Art is a form of self expression—a message in which the artist makes known to us what the beautiful, and the vital things of life mean to him. And that is so whether the message be on canvas, in terms of music, or in the written word. In imparting

or in receiving that message, vanity has no place. In the appreciation of Art, as in the search for knowledge, there should be a sense of humility—for what, after all, can the best of us learn in a lifetime, as compared to the sum total of knowledge? We seek for self-improvement and for the enjoyment of the finer things of life; and, as we learn, we should pass on to others some of the joy we have found.

★ ★ ★

There is so much to enjoy! Why be deaf, blind and dumb when our senses are sound and we are surrounded by things of beauty? Whether it be a landscape of Corot's that stirs us like a loved scene in our own lives, a strain of music that moves and softens our hearts, or a poem that lifts us out of sordid thoughts to a sense of something better than our own selfish ends—in whatever form it may come to us, if we have caught the message and benefited by it, we have learned the ennobling value of Art. If we can then restudy the painting, rehear the music, and repeat the poem with an intelligent sense of the qualities—technical and otherwise—that have made these messages true and worthy expressions of Art, we have found the fullest satisfaction of cultivation.



LANDSCAPE—Corot

Cultivation cannot be had simply by reading books or listening to lectures. Cultivation cannot come to us wholly from the outside; it must also come from the inside. It implies not only a great searching for truth, but a love of truth. The gathering of knowledge does not of itself cultivate one, but rather the spirit in

which knowledge is gathered. If we would have cultivation, we must seek not only to *know* but to *improve* ourselves. We must not only learn the facts of life and the philosophy of life, so that we may judge life intelligently and discriminately, but we must enter completely

into life, with a spirit to enjoy all that is good and beautiful in it, and a desire to do our part to make life a joy and a benefit to others.

★ ★ ★

The arts have much in common, and we can sometimes best express our appreciation of one art by using the terms of another. There is painting that is almost musical in its emotional quality, and there is music so pastoral in its spirit that it may justly be called "landscape in tone." Corot's "Orpheus Greeting the Morn" is like a bit of lyric music and one movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony is well described as "moonlight over the pines." Lines like the following by Bryant give us a woodland scene in verse:

Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines  
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground  
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up  
Unsown and die ungathered. It is sweet  
To linger here, among the fitting birds  
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds  
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass,  
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set  
With pale blue berries.

Most of us have word pictures of this sort that we treasure in our hearts as we do the favorite pictures on our walls, or the songs that we love.

W. S. Wofford









WITH the exception of Paraguay, Bolivia is the only entirely inland State in South America. It is really a manufactured nation. When the War of Independence of that part of South America ended, the revolutionary leaders set up this country as an independent State, and gave it the name of Bolivia, in honor of

Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, himself a native of Venezuela. Bolivia is bounded on the north and east by Brazil, on the south by Paraguay and Argentina, and on the west by Chile and Peru.

In its early days Bolivia was simply a part of the empire of the Incas of Peru. The story of the Incas has been given in Mentor No. 132, "Peru." After the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, the natives were subjected to a great deal of tyranny and oppression. They were compelled to work in the mines, and endured so many hardships and cruelties that their numbers rapidly diminished.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were many struggles between the native-born inhabitants and their Spanish rulers. The Indian revolt in Cuzco (koo's'-ko or kooth'-ko), Peru, which was led by the Inca Tupac Amaru (too'-pahk ah-mah-roo'), stirred up the Bolivian Indians to further efforts. For three months Ayoayo (ei-o-ei'-o) with 80,000 men, besieged the city of La Paz (lah pahth; local pronunciation, lah pah's'). Finally his army was dispersed and the insurrection was crushed.

Injustice had been worked not only upon the Indians, but upon the native born Spanish-Americans. These grew restless at last, and on July 16, 1809, conspirators at La Paz deposed and put into prison the governor, and then proclaimed the independence of the country. One of the leaders, Pedro Domingo Murillo (pay'-dro do-min'-go myr-ril'-o or moo-reel'-yo), was elected president. This was the first effort in South America toward democratic government. The Spanish Viceroy, however, sent a trained army which soon overcame that of the patriots. On January 29, 1810, Murillo perished on the scaffold. In the face of death, however, he exclaimed: "The torch which I have lighted shall never be extinguished."

From then on until 1825 there was almost uninterrupted warfare. Success was equally divided at first between the Spaniards and the revolutionary forces. On December 9, 1824, the Battle of Ayacucho (i-ah-koo'-cho), in lower Peru, finally ended Spanish dominion in South America. General Sucre (soo'-kray) was the victorious general. On January 29, 1825, the last Spanish authorities vacated La Paz. General Sucre and his army made a triumphal entry there on February 7, 1825. This general now assumed supreme

command in upper Peru. The first national assembly met in June at the city of Chuquisaca (choo-kee-sah'-kah), now called Sucre. They decided that the part of the country hitherto known as upper Peru should be made a separate and independent nation, with the name of Bolivia. The Act of Independence bears the date of August 6, 1825.

Simon Bolivar (bo-lee'-var) was elected the first president; and Chuquisaca was made the capital under the name of Sucre. When General Bolivar arrived in the city of La Paz on August 18th, he was greeted with wild enthusiasm. He was inaugurated at Sucre in November; but resigned in January, 1826, to return to Lima (lee'-mah) in Peru.

There was no peace for the people of Bolivia yet, however. Troublous times followed, and finally came the war with Chile. This war arose over the collection of an export tax on nitrate. Chile sent troops to occupy Bolivian territory; and then Peru, linked to Bolivia by secret treaty, together with that country, declared war on Chile on April 5, 1879. Both Peru and Bolivia were entirely unprepared, and Chile was completely victorious in this war. As a result Bolivia lost what little coastline the country had previously possessed.

During the last thirty years internal dissensions in Bolivia have for the most part ceased. There was a brief time of trouble in 1898 over the question of the capital city. It had been the custom for the cities of Sucre, La Paz, Cochabamba (ko-chah-bahm'-bah), and Oruro (o-roo-ro) to take turns in being the seat of government. In December, 1898, however, the Bolivian Congress attempted to pass a law making Sucre the permanent residence of the president and cabinet. La Paz protested, and the people of the city rose in open revolt. On January 17, 1899, a battle was fought between the insurgents and the government forces. The insurgents were completely victorious. As a result, La Paz was made the real seat of government, although Sucre retains the name of capital. General Pando, (pahn'-do), commander of the revolutionary forces, was elected president. In 1903 a boundary dispute with Brazil over some rich rubber country was settled by the cession by Bolivia of a part of the province of Acre, (ah'-kray), in return for a cash payment of \$10,000,000.





PHOTOGRAPH BY E. M. NEWMAN

HOUSE OF COMMONS



**B**OLIVIA is a centralized republic. Its government is representative in form, but to a great extent it is autocratic in effect. The Bolivian constitution was adopted on October 28, 1880, and is a model of its kind. The executive branch of the government consists of a president and two vice-presidents. They are elected by direct

popular vote for a period of four years, and are ineligible for election for the next succeeding term. The president has a cabinet of six ministers: Foreign Relations and Worship, Treasury, Government and Promotion (Fomento), Justice and Industry, Public Instruction and Agriculture, War and Colonization.

The legislative branch consists of a national Congress of two houses—a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senate is composed of sixteen members, two from each department, who are elected by direct popular vote for a period of six years. The Chamber of Deputies is composed of seventy members, who are elected for a period of four years. Congress meets annually and its sessions are for sixty days, which may be extended to ninety days. All male citizens twenty-one years of age or over, who can read and write and have a fixed independent income, may vote. The number of citizens who vote, therefore, is very small, and the country is for that reason under the control of a political oligarchy.

The judiciary consists of a national supreme court, eight superior district courts, and many lower district courts. The supreme court is composed of seven justices, elected by the Chamber of Deputies.

In each department or State a prefect appointed by the president has supreme power. The government of these departments rests with the national congress.

The military forces of Bolivia include about 3,000 regulars and an enrolled force of 80,000 men. This enrolled force, however, is both unorganized and unarmed. In 1894 a conscription law was passed providing for compulsory military service for all males between the ages of twenty-one and fifty years, with two years' actual service in the regulars for those between twenty-one and twenty-five. This law is practically a dead letter. There is a military school with sixty cadets and an arsenal at the city of La Paz. Naturally Bolivia, having no coast line, is not provided with a navy.

Bolivia has a free and compulsory school system, but education has made little progress there. Very few of the people can read and write. Spanish is the official language, but Quichua (kee-choo'-ah or kee'-chwah), Aymará (i-mah-rah'), and

Guarani (gwah-rah'-nee) are the languages of the natives, who form a majority of the population. A great part of the Indians do not understand Spanish at all and will not learn it. The school enrollment is about one in forty-four. There are universities at Sucre, La Paz, Cochabamba, Tarija (tah-ree'-hah), Potosi (po-to-see'), Santa Cruz (san'-tah kroos), and Oruro. The university at Sucre, which dates from colonial times, and that of La Paz, are the only ones well enough equipped to merit the title.

The Constitution of Bolivia says: "The State recognizes and supports the Roman Apostolic Catholic religion, the public exercise of any other worship being prohibited, except in the colonies, where it is tolerated." However, this toleration is extended to resident foreigners belonging to other religious sects. The Indians profess the Roman Catholic faith, but this is tinged with the superstitions of their ancestors.

At this point it will be interesting to consider the Indians of Bolivia. The population of the country is composed of Indians and Caucasians of European origin, and a mixture of the two races, generally described as *mestizos* (mes-tee'zos). There is also a small percentage of Africans, descendants of the negro slaves introduced in colonial times. Naturally, the Indians are in great majority. The Bolivian Indian is essentially a farmer. Scarcely any of these Indians are educated.

Of the various tribes of Indians, the Aymaras are the most civilized. The Mojos (mo'-hos) and Chiquitos (chee-kee'-tose) tribes are peaceable and industrious. They have little ambition, and are held almost in a state of peonage. Inhabiting the southern part of the Bolivian plains are the Chiraguanos (chee-rah-gwah'-nos), a detached tribe of the Guarani race which drifted westward, to the vicinity of the Andes, long ago. They are of a superior physical and mental type, and have made a great deal of progress toward civilization. Of the wild Indians very little is known in regard to either their numbers or customs.

The *mestizos*, or half-breeds, sometimes called Cholos, are the connecting link between the whites and the Indians. It has been said of the *mestizos* that they inherit the vices of both races and the virtues of neither.





PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. NEWMAN

A BACK TRAIN OF THE



MAGINE," says James Bryce, "a country as big as the German and Austrian dominions put together, with a population less than that of Denmark, four-fifths of it consisting of semi-civilized or uncivilized Indians, and a few educated men of European and mixed stock, scattered here and there in half a dozen towns, none of

which has more than a small number of capable citizens of that stock." That country is Bolivia.

The popular idea of Bolivia is that it is an extremely rugged, mountainous country. In fact, only two-fifths of the total area of Bolivia is comprised within the Andine Cordilleras, which cross its southwest corner. Three-fifths of the country is composed of low, alluvial plains, great swamps and flooded bottom lands, and gently undulating forest regions. There are also considerable areas that afford rich grazing lands.

Bolivia lies wholly within the torrid zone. The only variations in temperature, therefore, are due to elevation. For this reason the country possesses every degree of temperature, from that of the tropical lowlands to the Arctic cold of the snow-capped peaks directly above.

Bolivia has many interesting animals. There are numerous species of monkeys that inhabit the forests of the tropical region, together with the puma, jaguar, wild cat, tapir, and sloth. A rare bear, the *Ursus ornatus* (spectacled bear) inhabits the wooded Indian foothills. The chin-chilla lives in the colder plateau regions of the country. The most interesting of all the Bolivian animals, however, are the guanaco (gwah-na'ko) and its relatives, the llama (lyah'ma), alpaca (al-pak'ah) and vicuña (vi-koon'yah). These animals have the structure and habits of the African camel, but are smaller and have no hump. They are able to go without food and drink for long periods. The llama and the alpaca have been domesticated for centuries; but the guanaco and vicuña are found in a wild state only. The llama is used as a pack animal; and the alpaca is highly prized for its fine wool. The slaughter of the guanaco and the vicuña is rapidly diminishing their number.

Of birds the species in Bolivia are very numerous. The high mountains are frequented by condors and eagles of the largest size; while the American ostrich and a species of large stork inhabit the tropical plains and valleys. The common vulture is scattered throughout the whole country.

All sorts of plants, flowers and vegetation are to be found in Bolivia. Coca (a shrub of the flax family, the dry leaves of which are chewed by the native Indians as a stimulant) is one of the most important plants of the country. The most important of the forest products, however, is

rubber. Sugar cane, rice, and tobacco are cultivated in the warm districts.

The most important industry in Bolivia is mining. The lofty and desert part of the country finds its only natural source of wealth in minerals. The Western Cordillera is especially rich in copper and silver, the Eastern in gold and tin. It has been said that one-third of all the world's production of tin now comes from Bolivia. It was from the east Andine regions that the Incas obtained those vast stores of gold which so excited the Spaniards. Legend has it that the gold that the Spanish took out of the country was much less than that which the Indians buried or threw into the lakes to keep it from the conquerors.

Next to mining, stock raising is one of the chief industries of the country. Horses and, to a greater extent, cattle, are raised there. Goats and sheep are also a source of profit.

Although the agricultural resources of Bolivia are of great value, their development has been slow. Sugar cane is grown, but chiefly for the manufacture of rum. Rice is also raised, but the quantity is not great. Tobacco and coffee of fair quality grow readily. The product that receives most attention, however, is coca. This plant is highly esteemed by the natives, who chew the leaf. It is also used for medicinal purposes.

It is from her forests, however, that Bolivia derives the greatest immediate profit. The most prominent and profitable industry is that of rubber collecting. This was begun in Bolivia between 1880 and 1890. In 1903 Bolivia's best rubber forests were transferred to Brazil, but there still remain extensive areas where good rubber is collected.

The industrial activities of the Bolivian people are still of a very primitive character. Spinning and weaving are done in the home. The Indian women are expert weavers. Other industries of some importance are the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, soap, candles, hats, gloves, starch, cheese and pottery. The foreign trade of Bolivia is comparatively unimportant, with the exception of the products of its mines.

One difficulty that Bolivia has to contend with is the lack of transportation facilities. Railways have never been developed to any extent, but great plans are on foot to remedy this. With communications improved and extended, the future of Bolivia appears bright.





PHOTOGRAPH BY E. M. NEWMAN

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, FROM THE MOUNTAINS



A PAZ (lah pahth; local pronunciation, lah pahs') is a most unusual city. It is the highest capital city in the world—for although Sucre is the official capital, La Paz is really the capital city of Bolivia. It lies in a great mountain hollow nearly 13,000 feet above the sea. This altitude closely approaches that of Pike's Peak;

but whereas such an altitude in our country would mean perpetual snow, here it brings only a temperate climate, where flowers blossom throughout the year and the little snow that falls quickly vanishes in the morning sunlight.

The city's official name is La Paz de Ayacucho (eiah-koo'cho). It is built in a deeply worn valley of the Cordillera Real, which is believed to have formed an outlet of Lake Titicaca (tee-tee-kah' kah). La Paz is built on both banks of the Rio de La Paz, or Rio Chuquiapu, thirty miles southeast of Lake Titicaca. The valley in which the city lies is about ten miles long and three miles wide. It is very barren and forbidding, and its precipitous sides, gullied by rains and colored by mineral ores, rise 1,500 feet above the city. Above Illimani (eel-yee-mah'-nee) and other giant mountains of the Bolivian Cordilleras rear their snow-capped peaks. The upper edge of the valley is called the Alto de La Paz, or Heights of La Paz.

The city is surprisingly large, its population being about 80,000. Two-thirds of the population consists of Indians. They give a picturesqueness to the place, the women of the Cholos (cho'los), or half-breeds, being especially gaily attired.

The greater part of La Paz lies on the left bank of the river. Both banks rise steeply from the stream, and the streets at right angles to the river are very precipitous. All the streets are narrow, and paved with small cobble-stones. The sidewalks also are so narrow that only two may go abreast. Many of the inhabitants prefer to walk in the middle of the street. The only things likely to be met are either pedestrians or llamas, the latter used in great numbers in this part of the country as pack animals.

La Paz was founded in 1548 by the Spaniard, Alonzo de Mendoza (ahlon'tho day men-do'-thah), on the site of an Indian village called Chuquiapu (choo-ku-ah'-poo). It soon became an important colony. At the end of the war of independence, in 1825, it was re-named La Paz de Ayacucho, in honor of the last decisive battle of the revolution. La Paz was then made one of the four capitals of the Bolivian republic. When the Bolivian Congress, however, attempted to designate Sucre as the permanent capital, the citizens of La Paz revolted; and by this revolution of 1898 the seat of government was permanently established there.

One of the most interesting parts of the city to visitors is the Alameda (ah-lah-may'-dah). This is a handsome thoroughfare, with rows of trees, shrubs and flowers. It also has a wide central walk with pools, in which are swans and goldfish. Along the Alameda are many new and rather pretty residences. Most of the houses are painted in tints of pale blue, green, yellow and strawberry, giving the street a gay and pleasing appearance.

The Plaza Murillo is so named from the patriot Pedro Domingo Murillo, who was executed there in 1810. This spot is also the place where independence was first declared in 1809. It has been the scene of many turbulent episodes. On one side of the plaza is the Government Palace, erected in 1885. This contains the offices of many state officials, and, in the upper story, the office and residence of the president and his family.

The Cathedral of La Paz, on the same side of the plaza as the Government Palace, is still in process of construction. The foundations were laid in 1843. When finished it will be one of the largest and most expensive cathedrals in South America. It is to be built in the Græco-Roman style, will have towers nearly 200 feet high, a dome the top of which will be 150 feet above the floor, and will be capable of seating 12,000 persons.

Across the corner from the Government Palace is the Hall of Congress. Another interesting spot is the market place. Here come thousands of Indians to buy and sell.

Other buildings of note are the old University of San Andrés (ahn-dres'), the Church of San Francisco, the Church of Santo Domingo, the Museum of Natural History, rich in relics of the Inca and colonial periods, the very much up-to-date theater, and the Municipal Library.

The houses of the poorer classes in La Paz are usually built with mud walls and covered with tiles. The better class dwellings, however, are constructed of stone and brick.

La Paz is an important commercial center. It is connected with the Pacific coast by the Bolivian Railway from Mollendo (mol-yen'-do), to Puno (poo'-no) and a Bolivian extension from Guaqui (gwah'-kee) to Alto de La Paz—the two lines being connected by a steamship service across Lake Titicaca. An electric railway, five miles long, runs from the Alto de La Paz to the city.







**O**N May 25, 1809, the first city of Spanish South America revolted against the rule of Spain. That city was Sucre (soo'-kray). This town was originally the site of an Indian village called Chuquisaca (choo-kee-sah'-kah) or Chuquichaca, which means "golden bridge." In 1538 the Spaniards under Captain Pedro Angules (pay'-dro

ahn-goo'lace) settled there and called the place Charcas (chahr'-kahs) and Ciudad de la Plata (thee-oo-thath' day lah plah'tah), but the natives always clung to the original Indian name. In time the town became the favorite residence and health resort of the rich mine owners of Potosi, some distance away. After the South Americans had won their independence, the name of Chuquisaca was changed to Sucre, in honor of the general who won the last decisive battle of the war and then became the first president of Bolivia. Since that time the city has suffered much from quarrels between the various factions of Bolivia. It is now the nominal capital of the republic, but the seat of government for Bolivia is located in La Paz. Since the government was removed there, Sucre has greatly diminished in importance.

The city is in an elevated valley, being about 8,839 feet above the sea. For this reason it has an exceptionally agreeable climate. In the vicinity are fertile valleys which provide the city markets with fruits and vegetables. The population of the city is about 25,000.

Sucre is laid out regularly. It has broad streets, a large central plaza and a public garden, or promenade, called the Prado. There are nine plazas altogether. That called the "25 de Mayo" has a stream on each side. One of these flows northward and joins the Mamoré (mah-mo-ray') and so reaches the Amazon. The other turns southeast, going on to the Pilcomayo (peel-ko-my'-o) and at last to the estuary of La Plata (lah-plah'-tah). The Cathedral of Sucre, called the Metropolitan Cathedral,

is the richest in Bolivia. It dates from 1553, and possesses an image of solid gold with a rich adornment of jewels, called "The Virgin of Guadalupe (gwah-dah-loo'-pay)." This is said to be worth a million dollars. The legislative palace of Sucre contains handsomely decorated halls; but this building is no longer occupied as such by the national government. Other important buildings are the Cabildo (kah-beel'do), or town hall; the mint, dating from 1572; the courts of justice; and the University of San Francisco Xavier (sahn frahn-this-ko zav'-ih-er; Spanish, hahvee-air'), which was founded in 1624 and has faculties of law, medicine and theology.

At the lower end of the central plaza, or Prado (prah'do) is a pretty chapel called the "Rotunda." This was erected in 1852 by President Belzu (bale'-thoo), on the spot where an unsuccessful attempt had been made to assassinate him.

Sucre is the seat of the supreme court of Bolivia, and also of the archbishop of La Plata and Charcas, the primate of Bolivia.

The city is not a commercial one. Its only noteworthy manufacture is the "clay dumplings" which are eaten with potatoes by the inhabitants of the Bolivian uplands. In spite of being the capital of the country, it is one of its most isolated towns, because of the difficult character of the roads leading to it. It is reached from the Pacific by way of Challapata (chahl-ya-pah'tah), a station on the Antofagasta (ahn-toe-fah-gahs'-tah) and Oruro Railroad. The city will soon be connected by rail with the region of the west.







**C**OCHABAMBA (ko-chah-bahm'bah) is called the Garden City of Bolivia. It was founded in 1574 in a beautiful valley on the east side of the mountains, which are here called the Royal Range. For a time the town was known as Oropesa (o-ro-pay'sah). During the war of independence, the people of the city took an

active part; the women especially distinguished themselves in an attack on the Spanish camp in 1815. Three years later some of them were put to death by the Spanish forces. In general, the isolated situation of Cochabamba has been a protection against the disorders which have from time to time upset Bolivia.

Cochabamba stands on the Rocha (ro'cha), a small tributary of the Guapai (gwah-pie') River. Its population is about 30,000, mostly Indians and *mesizos*. The city is 8,400 feet above the sea, 291 miles north-northwest of Sucre, and 132 miles east-northeast of Oruro (o-roo'-ro). A newly constructed railway runs from Oruro to Cochabamba.

The climate is mild and temperate, and the surrounding country fertile and cultivated. Trade is active; and in fact the city is one of the most progressive in Bolivia, in spite of its isolated situation. It is laid out regularly and contains many attractive buildings. The city has a university and two colleges, but they are poorly equipped.

The name of the city of Potosí (po-to-see') has become proverbial and "smacks of almost magical and unearthly wealth." It possesses some of the most wonderful silver mines in the world. Founded in 1547, shortly after the first discovery of silver there by an Indian herder, it has since produced an enormous amount of the precious metal. One writer estimates the yield of the mines there as having been worth one billion dollars. Seven thousand mines have been started, of which seven hundred are being worked for silver and tin today. At one time the city had a population of 150,000, which has now dwindled to about 25,000.

Potosí stands on a barren terrace about 13,000 feet above sea level, and is one of the highest towns in the world. It is 47 miles southwest of Sucre in a direct line. The famous Cerro Gordo (ser'-ro gor'-do; Spanish, ther'-ro gor'-do) de Potosí rises above the town to a height of 15,381 feet, a barren, white capped mountain, honeycombed with mining shafts. The town itself is laid out regularly. A large plaza forms the center, around which are grouped various buildings, such as the government house, national college, the old "Royal Mint," dating from 1585, and the treasury. The

city has a cathedral, which in part dates from early colonial times. The water supply is derived from a system of twenty-seven artificial lakes, or reservoirs, and aqueducts constructed by the Spanish government during the years of the city's greatest prosperity.

Oruro (o-roo'-ro) is an important mining town of about 20,000 people. During the colonial period this town was noted next to Potosí, for the richness and productiveness of its mines. The mines in the neighborhood are now worked principally, though not entirely, for tin.

Oruro is 115 miles south-southeast in a direct line from La Paz. It stands 12,250 feet above sea level, and its climate is characterized by a short, cool summer and a cold, rainy winter. Oruro is the Bolivian terminus of the Antofagasta (ahn-toe-fah-gahs'-tah) Railway, the first constructed in Bolivia. In time the city promises to be one of the most important railway centers in the country.

Oruro contains many foreign residents, and several clubs. The government palace and the university building face the principal plaza. Besides these, the city has a theater, a public library and a mineralogical museum, as well as the usual churches, hospitals and schools.

There is one other region in Bolivia that should be visited by all travelers interested in the mysterious past of the country. This region is called Tiahuanacu (tee-ah-wah-nah'-koo). It is not far from La Paz, and the ruins there were believed by Sir Clements Markham to indicate the former existence of a large city of the Incas. One huge gateway, broken and apparently not in its original position, is especially interesting. This great piece of stone is 13 feet wide, 7 feet above the ground, and 3 feet thick. It is curiously and elaborately carved. In the center is a human head, supposed to represent the creator of the universe. To this, other figures, partly human and some with heads of condors, seem to be offering worship.

Other stones in this region are remarkable for their size and for the ornamental carving that appears upon them. All the ruins are apparently of great age. It is not difficult to imagine a time when the city was the home of thousands of human beings in a very advanced stage of civilization.